



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

930
C153
1908

UC-NRLF



B 3 388 471



**PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.
AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS**

THE INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA



THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

**This reprint of *Calisto and Melebea* has been prepared by
the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.**

Ox. 1908.

W. W. Greg.

PR2411

C2

1908

MAIN

THE only known copy of this 'new cōmodye in englysh in maner of an enterlude,' sometimes known from the heading as the *Beauty of Women* but more usually from the chief characters as *Calisto and Melebea*, is preserved among Malone's books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is a folio volume printed in ordinary black-letter of the size known as English (20 ll. = 93 mm.). At the end appear the words 'Iohēs rastell me imprimi fecit,' and Rastell's device also occurs, but it should be noticed that the upper ornament on A1 and that on the right of C4 are found associated with the device of John Skot in a *Modus Observandi Curiam* printed c. 1530. John Rastell was in business from 1516 to 1533, Skot from 1521 to 1537.

The interlude is a partial rendering of the great Spanish dramatic novel *Celestina*, which literary history connects with the names of Juan de Mena, Rodrigo Cota, and Fernando de Rojas. The names of the characters are retained with the exception of Pleberio, who becomes Danio, but the English play only reproduces the first four out of the twenty-one acts of the original, and the conclusion is entirely different.

In the attack on the stage known as 'A second and third blast of retrait from plaies and Theaters,' printed in 1580, occurs a passage: 'The nature of their Comedies are, for the most part, after one manner of nature, like (the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*; where the bawdresse *Scelestina* inflamed the maiden *Melibeia* with her sorceries' (sig. G8^v). This was most likely the play entered to William Aspley in the Stationers' Register, 5 October 1598, as: 'The tragicke Comedy of *Celestina*, wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye Philosophicall sentences and advertisementes verye necessarye for younge gentlemen Discoveringe the

v

sleightes of treacherous servantes and the subtile cariages of filthye bawdes' (Arber's Transcript, III. 127). It does not appear to have been printed, and whether it bore any direct relation to the present piece is not known. The *Celestina* itself first appeared in England in James Mabbe's translation under the title of the *Spanish Bawd*, 1631.

The original impression of this interlude is by no means a bad piece of printing if we except a few passages in which there are a somewhat unreasonable number of instances of turned 'm.' The press-work is good, and 'n' and 'u' (when not turned) are quite readily distinguishable. The present reprint is, of course, reduced in size, but in other respects it aims at reproducing the original with the same fidelity as previous volumes issued by the Society.

It should perhaps be remarked that in the outer bottom corner of A6^v there is a fragment of a manuscript note which apparently runs: 'of y^{ls} cō... begin as y^e B i befor.' The meaning is not apparent.

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 27. Inlayth | 128. thattpe |
| 34. a mys | 130. lastt ^e (lastt ^h ?) |
| 46. strene (last letter blotted) | 140. [C] |
| 48. woman hōd | 146. I nough |
| 50. manpessmy (?) | 147. Bnt |
| 55. dyffereus | 150. kepyth in hym kepyth |
| 65. [C] | 156. obeptanus |
| 67. he come | 162. S (omit) |
| 68. kueto | Awoman |
| 77. awayto | 163. yont ... playu |
| 87. creature | 168. heyu |
| 91. [C] | 172. hardē |
| 99. withont | 179. auannce |
| 123. Bnt | 191. sightyngē |

195. countenanne
 196. Juconſtanne
 212. p̃chewh̃yt
 215. fortune
 216. Roman
 219. thought (thoug̃h)
 234. incompariſon
 252. m ore (?)
 256. wouan
 257. lo ue
 260. abbor (abhor)
 261. wynñyug /
 308. com̃yn (i.e. common = com-
 mune)
 311. ſeuanñt
 316. ſendfoze
 329. th̃ynk̃yug
 337. hym (h̃ym)
 349. ponr
 353. th̃yuk̃ỹth
 369. th̃on . . . qd̃ (i.e. quod)
 370. Part of this line has been cut out
 of the original.
 381. th̃yug
 414. cf. l. 370.
 419. le p̃ (?)
 428. enu p̃ (?)
 438. Reſurreccon
 455. ſeũponſo
 458. [Ca]
 463. ſuſpiciõus
 486. a old
 499. inſep̃th
 503. ſh̃ld̃ỹſt
 506. 9̃ (p̃)
 of the
 511. woder
 517. woldeſt̃hou
 519. ſmellỹdỹſt
 520. ſhamefull
 521. aud
 525. m̃cy (i.e. mercy)
 532. maiſſer (maiſſer: reading ra-
 ther doubtful)
 533. karỹth
 544. pop̃full (iop̃full)
 556. [Ce]
 563. a non
 570. ſenſnall
 589. [C]
 596. C (belongs to l. 595)
 604. Ambaſſad̃e
 611. we
 630. [ff]
 639. par̃ueno
 640. caue . . . wouan
 641. au
 643. ſhou
 644. uad
 645. wouen
 646. way
 648. [C]
 649. woder
 650. gdd (god)
 654. Aud
 658. tyue
 664. ſelfas
 668. wold̃ (wold)
 691. aray (arayed?)
 695. [C] . . . maydon
 698. [9̃] . . . accoyntanaunce
 706. month (mouth)
 707. luyſe re
 717. Flyſt
 753. a lowable
 758. ſekefolk
 762. countenauñce
 767. pytef̃nl
 768. humblỹth h̃ym
 784. I plỹgh̃t
 794. iñch
 798. b̃nedic̃te
 800. me diſſeyue me
 808. wy

810. Aud ... le se (?)	966. a pale
815. a mende	967. a bowt
819. A las	973. Comoch
823. [C]	974. fonle
845. C (omit)	981. loquif (i.e. loquitur)
848. adog	lamentabl
851. [99]	985. A las
852. theate	987. [D]
861. in	988. canse
887. uothpng	990. [D]
925. Aud	995. [99]
935. tythpug ... tho rty	1009. prikyeryd
948. me	1038. for (the 'f' doubtful)
952. Ina (?)	1084. in
961. aprikyeryd	1097. obedyeus

Many proper names, even names of speakers, are printed entirely in lower case. There is no upper-case 'w' or 'y,' and other lower-case letters also occasionally appear at the beginning of lines.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Melebea, the maiden.	Sempronio } servants of
Calisto, the lover.	Parmeno } Calisto.
Celestina, the bawd.	Danio, father of Melebea.

The following list of entries and exits, of which only those with an asterisk are marked in the original, may serve to make the action clear.

1. *Enter Melebea.	588. *Re-enter Calisto.
41. Enter Calisto.	Re-enter Sempronio.
74. *Exit Melebea.	595. Exit Celestina.
80. Enter Sempronio.	602. Exit Sempronio.
102. Exit Sempronio.	610. Parmeno comes forward.
107. Re-enter Sempronio.	617. *Exit Calisto.
298. Exit Sempronio.	639. *Exit Parmeno.
312. Exit Calisto.	*Enter Melebea.
313. Enter Celestina.	647. *Enter Celestina.
376. *Enter Sempronio.	914. *Exit Melebea.
396. *Enter Calisto and Parmeno.	928. Exit Celestina.
468. Exit Calisto and Sempronio.	929. *Enter Danio.
587. Parmeno retires (cf. l. 602).	937. Enter Melebea.

A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
 Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
 of rethoryk/wherein is held a dyscrybd as
 well the betwte & good propertes of women/
 as theyr vycys & euyl cōdiciōs/with a morall
 cōdusion & exhortacyon to bettew



Pelebea

Franciscus petrarcus the poet la treate
 Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
 wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
 And Gradito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
 Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theye workyng
 And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
 with any other in all poyntes equivalent

UPPER PORTION OF A I RECTO

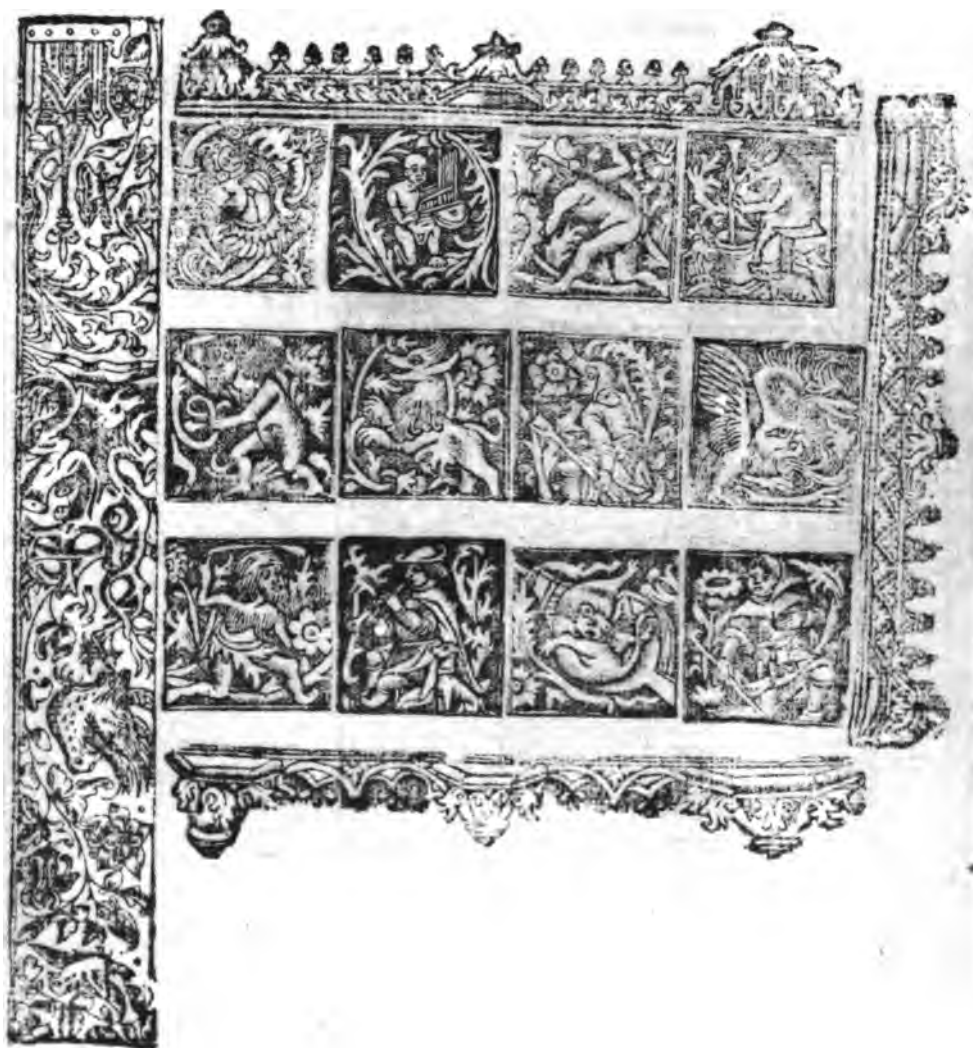
¶ If the cause of the myscheft were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good laws & ordynauncys made therfore
 to put a way the cause / & were best remedy
¶ What is the cause that ther be so many
 Theft & robberies / it is be cause we be
 Druen therto by nede & pouerte
¶ And what is the verey cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyl vpbrynging
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
 But the world cōtynually shalbe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
¶ Wherfore the eternall god that raynyth on hys
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to vertew & deuotedyeus
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be pteneys of hys blessyd glozy.

Amen.

Johēs rallē me imprōmī fecit

Cum priuilegio regali

C 3 VERSO



C 4 RECTO



A new comode in englysh in maner
 Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
 of rethoryk / wherein is shewd & dyscryb'd as
 well the betwte & good properites of women /
 as the prynces & euill cobiciōs / with a morall
 cōclusion & exhortacyon to betrew



Melebea

¶ Franciscus petrarcus the poet lawreate
 sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
 w out styff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
 And Cracito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
 sayth in all thyng create styff is theyre workyng
 And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
 with any other in all poyntes equibalent
 ¶ And accordyng to theyre dictys rehercyd as thus
 All thyng are create in maner of styff 10
 ✓ These folow louers then that be so amercous
 fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe
 Now sory now sad now Joyous now penylye
 Alas I poze mayden than what shall I do
 Combyd by dotage of one Calisto
 ¶ I know that nature hath gyuen me betwte
 with languynous complectyon fauour & sayrenes
 The more to god ought I to do sewte
 with wyllye laud and loue of perkytnes
 I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes 20
 Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
 Hys desyre I desyre & bitterly shall hate
 ¶ His saynges & lutes so importune
 That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
 ¶ Hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune
 W similitude maner as one that shuld dy
 But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
 Shall I accōplyth hys carnall desyre
 Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre
 ¶ Of trowth I am sorry for hys trouble
 To stryue wth hym self thus for loue of me
 But though hys sorowes I assure you shuld dole
 Out of his daunger wyl I be at lyberte
 What a mys woman now criske benedicite
 Nay nay he shall neuer that day see
 Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
 ¶ Wylt he now that I were present here
 I assure you shortly he wold seke me
 And without dout he doth now inquire
 Wether I am gone or where I shuld be
 He / is he not now come I report me
 ¶ Alas of thys man I can nener be ryd
 Wold to cryst I wylt where I myght be hyd
 ¶ Calysto ¶ By you seyre melebea may be lene
 ¶ ¶ The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
 where i / C. In takyng effect of dāe naturē strene
 ¶ Nor perthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
 In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
 ¶ O god I myght in your presens be able
 To manifest my dolours incōperable
 ¶ ¶ Greter were that reward than the grace
 50
 Deuyn to optayn by workys of pyte
 Not so gloriuous be the laites that se goddes face
 ¶ He Joy not so moch as I do you to see
 yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym & me
 For they glory by his assuryd presens
 And I in torment be cause of your absens
 ¶ ¶ Why thynkyst thou that so grete a reward
 ¶ Ca ye more greter than yt god wold set me
 In heuyn aboue all seyntes & more in regard
 60
 And thynk it a more hyper seleycte
 yet more gretter thy reward shalbe
 ¶ ¶ yt thou fle fro the determynacyon
 Of thy cōsent of mynd by such temptacion

30

40

50

60

I persepue the entent of thy wordys all
 As of the wyrt of hym that wold haue the bertew
 Of me such a woman to be come thrall
 Go thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuetw
 I haue soule skorn of the I tell the trew
 Or any humayn creature wityh me shuld begyn 70
 Any comunycacyon perteynyng to syn
 And I promyle the where thou art present
 whyle I lyf by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

C Lo out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo
 Uppon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chaung
 Of cruell hate whych causyth now awayto go
 The keper of my ioy and all my pleasaung
 Alas alas now to me what nopaung 80
 B Detw garb my lord and god be in this place
 C Sempronio / B. pr syr. C. a syr I shrew thy face
 B Why hast thou bene from me so long absent
 I for I haue bene about your dysynes
 To ordey such thyng as were conuenient
 your house and horte and all thyng was to dress
 C Sempronio haue pyte on my dysces
 for of all creature I am the wofullest
 B Now so what is the cause of your vnrest
 C For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng 90
 That is or euer was. B. what is the
 It is one whych is all other excedyng
 The picture of angelle yt thou her see
 Phebus or phebe no comparyson may be
 To her. B. what hyght she / C. melebea is her name
 B Wary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame
 C I pray the Sempronio goo fet me my lute
 And byng some chayre or stole wityh the
 The argument of loue that I may dispute
 whych leryens I fynd the arte wityhont pyte
 B By the Sempronio by the I pray the 100
 C Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
 Then farewell cryst send the agayn sone
 C O what fortune is egall vnto myne
 O what wofull wyght wityh me may compare
 The thirst of sorow is my myxyd wyne
 whych dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
 B Tush syr be mery let pas away the mare
 Now sye you haue I not hyed me lyghtly
 All.

C Here is your chayne and lute to make you mery
C Wher quod a / nay that wyl not be
 But I must nedys lye for very feblenes
 110
 Gve me my lute and thou shalt see
 How I shall syng myne unhappynes
 Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges
 Alas in tune how shuld I set it
 when all armony to me discordith yche wher
C As he to whos wyl reson is vnculpe
 For I sele tharp nedys wthin my brest
 Deas warr truth haterad and insury
 Hope and suspect and all in one chest
 120
B Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest
 Rome how he brent / old and yong wept
 Bnt she toke no thought nor neuer the less slept
C Grettter is my fyre and less pyre shewd me
B I wyl not mok this soule is a loue
C What sayst thou / S. I say how can that fyre be
 That toymenyt but one luyng man grettter
 Than that fyre that brenyth a hole ctyte here
 And all p people thei. C. mary for p fyre ys grettyst
 That brennyth berey soye and lastye lengyt
 130
C And grettter is the fyre that brenyth one soule
 Than that whych brenyth an hundred bodyes
B Hys sayeng in this none can controll
C None but such as lyst to make lyes
 And of the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyle
 I had leuer my spirete in brute best shuld be
 Than to go thydyr and than to the depte
B Mary lye that is a spyce of heryle
C Why so / S. For ye speke lyke no cressyn man
 I wold thou knewyst melebea worthyp I
 140
 In her I beleue and her I loue / S. A ha than
 wryth the melebea is a grete woman
 I know on whych sote thou dost halt on
 I shall shortly hele the my lyf thesuppon
C An vncredable thyng thou dost promyse me
B Nay nay it is easp I nough to do
 Bnt surst for to hele a man knowlege must be
 Of the seknes than to gyff counsell theto
C What counsell can rule hym sempronio
 That kepeth in hym kepeth no order of counsell
 150
B A is this Calisto his fyre / now I know well
C How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net

C In whose perleuzans is all inconstans
S why. is not Elieas loue and thyn met
S what than. **C.** why reprocst me than of ignorans
C For thou settest mannys dignite in oþerlanus
C To the imperfection of the weke woman
C A womā say a god of goddesles. **S.** beleuyst þ thā
C Ye and as a goddes I heze confesse
S And I beleue there is no such sufferayn 160
S In heuyn though she be in perth. **S.** peas peas
S A woman a god nay to god a byllayn
S Of yonr sayeng ye may be sorpy. **C** it is playu
S why so. **C.** because I loue hez and thynk surely
S To obteyn my desyre I am vnwoorthy
C O fertull hart why comparyst thou w Rembroth
C Or alexander of this world not lord onely
S But woorthy to subdew heuyn as sayeng goth
S And thou reputyst thy self more hye
S Then them both and bysparyst so cowardly 170
C To wyn a woman of whom hath ben so many
C Gotten and yngotten neuer hard of any
C It is respyrd in the test of seynt Ihon
C Thys is the woman of auncyoun malys
C Of whom but of a woman was it long on
C That adam was expulsd from paradys
C She put man to payn whom ely dyd dysple
C Than syth adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce
C Am I gretter than adam my self to auaunce
S **C** Say but of those men it were wysedome 180
C That ouercame them to seke remedy
C And not of those that they dyd ouercome
C Fle from theyre begynnyng elchew theyre foly
C Thou knowyst they do euyl thyng many
C They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion
C Be it sayre soule wylfull without reason
C Kepe them neuer so close they wylbe shewyd
C Gyft tokyns of loue by many subtell ways
C Semyng to be shepe and serpently shrewd
C Craft in them renews that neuer decays 190
C Theyre sepyng lightyng prouokynge theyr plays
C O what payn is to fulfyll theyre appetyt
C And to accomplysh theyre wanton delytis
C It is a wonder to se theyre dyssemblyng
C Theyre flatterynge countenaunce theyr ingratitude
C Inconstaunce fals witnesse saynyd wepyng

A.iii.

There bayn gloey and how they can delude
 Theyre folyshnes theyre Janglyng not metwde
 Theyre lecherous lult and wplyenes therfore
 whycheratle & charmys to make men to theyre lore 200
 Theyre enbawmyng & theyre vnthamfaldnes
 Theyre bawdry theyre suttelte & fresch attyryng
 what trimpng what payntyng to make sayenes
 Theyre fals intent & dykkeryng smplyng
 Therfore lo yt is an old sayeng

That women be the dyuelle netle and hed of syn
 And mannys mylery in paradyse byd begyn

C But what thynkylt thou by me yet for all this
S Maye sye weze a man of cleze wyt

Whom nature hath indewyd w the best gyfte 210
 As bewte & gretnes of membres perfyte
 Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this pchewyht
 Fortune hath partyd wth you of her influens
 For to be able of lyberall expens

For wythout goodde wherof fortune is lady
 Roman can haue welth therfore by coniecture
 yow shuld be belouyd of every body

Calisto But not of Melebea now I am sure
 And thought thou hadst praylyd me wout mesure 220
 And comparyd me wthout comparison
 yet she is aboue in every condicion

Behold her noblenes her aunceyon lynage
 Her gret patrymony her excellent wyte
 Her resplendent vertu hys portly corage
 Her godly grace her suffereyn bewte perfyte
 No tong is able well to expresse it

But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle
 My self to refresh in rehercyng of my style
 I begyn at her herr which is so goodly 230
 Crispyd to her helys tyed wth fyne late
 farr thynnyng beyond fyne gold of araby
 I now the son colet to hyt may gyft place
 That who to behold it myght haue the grace

wold say incomparison nothyng coutheuayls
 Then is it not lyke here of alle tayles

S **Ca** What soule comparison this felow sayls
 Her gay glasyng eyen so saye and bygyht
 Her browes her nose in a meane no fallyon sayls
 Her mouth ppe & seate her teeth small & whpyght 240
 Her lypis ruddy her body streyght bypyght

Her lyppe to the eye is a pleasure
 What Joy it is to se such a fygyre
 Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
 wth rose colour ennewyd I the enlure
 Her lyppe hande in meane maner this is no row
 Her fyngers small & long w naplys ruddy most pure
 Of proporcyon none such in paynture
 without peye worthy to haue for sayenes
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddess
 Sir haue ye all done. C. ye maye what than 250
 I put case all this ye haue sayd be trew
 yet aye ye more noble lyth ye be a man
 wherein. S. she is vnperfeyte I wold ye knew
 As all women be and of lesse valew
 Philosophers say the matter is less worthy
 Than the forme / so is woman to man surely
 C I lo ue not to here this altercacion
 Betwene melebea and me her loue
 Possible it is in euery condicyon
 To abhor her as mych as you do loue her 260
 In the wyynyng / begylyng is the daunger
 That ye shall see here after wth eyen tre
 wth what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
 C why wth what eyen do I se now
 S wth dyme eyen whych shew a lytl thyng much
 But for ye shall not dyspayre I assure you
 No labour nor dyligens in me shall guch
 So trusty & frendely ye shall fynd me such
 In all thyng possible that ye can adquire
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre 270
 C God bryng that to passe so glad it is to me
 To here the thus though I hope not in thy doynge
 yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
 C God reward the for thy gentyll intendynge
 I gyft the this chayn of gold in rewardynge
 S god reward you & lend vs good spee
 I doubt not but I shall performe it in dede
 C But wthout reward it is hard to work well
 I am content so thou be not nelygent
 S May be not you / for it passyth a meruell 280
 The master how / the seruant to be dyligent
 How thynkyst it can be shew me thyne intent
 Sir I haue a neyghbour a moder of batardy
 That can prouoke the hard rokkes to lechery

C In all euill dede she is perfect wyle
I trow more than a **D** begyns
 Haue bene destroyed by her subtil deuple
 For she neuer saylyth where she begynnys
 All onely by thys craft her lyfing she wynnys
 Mayde wyfys wydows and euerychone
 At the ones meddell the skapyth none
C How myght I speke wyth her sempionio
I shall byng her hyder vnto this place
 But ye must in any wyle let rewardis go
 And shew her your greys in euery case
C Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace
I But alas sempionio thou tarpest to long
 Byr god be with you. **C.** Cyst make the strong
C The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
 As he gydyd the iij kyng in to bedleme
 From the est by the starr and agayn byd prouyde
 As theyre conduct to retoyn to theyre own reame
 So spede my sempionio to quench the leme
 Of this fyre which my hert doth wast & spende
 And that I may com to my desyrd ende
C To pas the tyme now wyll I walk
 Up and down withyn myne orchard
 And to my self go comyn and talke
 And pray that fortune to me be not hard
 Longyng to heze whether made or mayd
 My message shall return by my seruann sempionio
 Thus farewell my lordys for a whyle I wyll go
C How the blessing that our lady gaue her sone
 That same blessing I gyue now to you all
 That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon
 I am sought and sendsoze as a woman vnswere
 Celestina of trowth my name is to call
 Sempionio for me about doth inqueze
 And it was told me I shuld haue found hym heze
C I am sure he wyll com hyther anone
 But the whylest I shall tell you a perty game
 I haue a wench of Sempionios a perty one
 That soioynth with me Elecea is her name
 But the last day we were both ny a stark shame
 For sempionio wold haue her to hym self leuere
 And she louty one Crypto better or as well
C Thys Crypto and Elecea sat dyynkyng
 In my hous and I also makyng mery

290

300

310

320

And as the deuyl wold farr from our thynkyng
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly 330
 But then wrought I my craft of batwbery
 I bad Crypto go vp and make hym self come
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Ellice lye down a sowynge
 And I wyth my rok began for to spyne
 As who seyth of sempronio we had no knowynge
 He knockyd at the doye and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I byd begyn
 To catch hym in myne arms and seyd see see
 who kydlyth me Ellice and wyll not kys the 340
 ¶ Ellice for a countenaunce made her greynyd
 And wold not speke but styll byd sowe
 why speke ye not quod sempronio be ye meuyd
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 A traytour quod she full well dost thou know
 where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me
 That the inpossume and euyl deyth take the
 ¶ Deale myne Ellice quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you yowr self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so breynnyth betwene vs 350
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for .iii. days ablens to say to me so
 In sayth me thyukyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for here begynnnyth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was withyn
 Aboue in the chamber that so byd romble
 who quod she a louer of myne / may hap ye stomble
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth 360
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ well quod he I go / nay thought I not so
 I sayd com sempronio let this loole alone
 For of thy long ablens she is in such wo
 And halt belyde her self and her wyt ny gone
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a frere
 ¶ what frere quod he wilt thou nedr know qdr I tha
 It is the fl [] 370
 ¶ quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To bere hym / ye quod I though women per case

Beze heuy full oft yet they gall in no place
Then he laught / ye quod I no mo word of this
For this tyme to long we spend here amys

Intrat sempionio

S **C** **S** **C**
A moder Celestyne I pray god prosper the
My son sempionio I am glad of our metyng
And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me
Of routh to seke you was myne hyther comyng 380
Nocher ley a pette now all other thyng
And all only tend to me and Imagyn
In that that I purpose now to begyn

C
Calisto in the loue of saye melebea
Burnyth wherfore of the he hath grette nede
Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no lezther / for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon
For saluys for broke hede to make prouysyon 390
And so intend I to do to Calisto

S
To gyft hym hope and assure hym remedy
For long hope to the hait mych trouble wyll do
wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hys
Peas for me thynketh Calisto is nye

C
Intrat Calisto et parmeneo
Parmeneo. P. what sey you. C. wottyst who is here
Sempionio that reuyrth my chere

P **C**
It is sempionio with that old heydyd hore
Be ye they my maister so soze for doth long 400
Peas I sey parmeneo or go out of the doze
Comyst thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong
To wyn this woman elle godde forhod
She hath equall power of my lyf vnder god

P
Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borroto
For as much she gloryfeth her in her name
To be callyd an old hore as ye wold of same 410
Dogge in the strete and chyldren at eury dore
Bark and cry out ther goth an old hore

C **P**
How knowyst all this dost thou know her
ye that [day] agone
For a fals hore the deuyll ouer throw her
My moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterker haud was ther neuer none
 For that I know I dare well se
 Let se the cōtrary who can ley
 ¶ I haue bene at her hows & lene her trynkettē 420
 For payntynge thyngē inumerable
 Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gettē
 The thyngē that she hath with solke for to fable
 And to all haudry euer agreable
 yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
 Not only a haud but a wyche by her craft
 ¶ Say what thow wylt son spare not me
 I pray the permene lese thy malycious enuy
 Hark hydyr sempronyo here is but we thre
 In that I haue sayd canst thou denye 430
 Com hens permene I loue not thys I
 And good mother greue you not I you pray
 My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
 ¶ A notable woman O auncyent bertew
 O glorious hope of my despyd intent
 Thende of my delectable hope to renews
 My regeneracion to this lyfe present
 Resurreccion from deth / so excellent
 Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
 To kys thy handes wherein lyeth my remedy 440
 ¶ But myne vnworthines makyth respytence
 yet worship I the ground that thou goost on
 Beseeching the good woman with most reuerens
 On my payn with thy pyte to loke vpon
 without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
 To rebpue my dede spryde thou mayst preferr me
 with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me
 ¶ Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
 That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete
 wordes are but wynd therefore attons 450
 Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
 For money makyth marchaunt that must let
 I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
 For w out money to me no thyng spedys
 ¶ What seyth the sempronio alas my hart bledys
 That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
 Iyr the thynketh that money all thyng sedys
 Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
 And tary here moder a whyle I pray the
 For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd 460

Have here my cloke tyll your dout be assoyld
C Now do ye well for wede among corn
 For suspicious to frynde dyd neuer well
 Of saythfulnes of worde tocomyd to a skorn
Ca Wakyth mynde doutfull good reason both tell
S Come on sempionio thou gyffst me good counsell
P Go ye before & I shall wait you hypon
 Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
P How sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke
 In my maisters eyes y they do cast 470
 The one hath his chayn the other his cloke
 And I am sure they wyll haue all at last
 Ensamble may be by this y is past
 How scrualtis he displaytfull in theyr maisters soly
 Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr bawdy
Ce It pleaseth me parmeneo that we to gedre
 May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
 yet vnderstond now thou comyst hyder
 wherof I care not but vertew warnyth me
 To se temptacyon & solow charyte 480
 To do good agayns yll & so I rede the
 Sempionio & I wyll helpe thy necessity
 And in token now that it shall so be
 I pray the among vs let vs haue a song
 For where armony is ther is amyte
P What a old woman syng / Ce. why not among
P I pray the no longer the tyme prolong
Ce Go to when thou wylt I am redy
 Shall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hye / e cancan 490
C How sey ye now by this lytyll yong sole
 For the thyrde parte sempionio we must get
 After that thy maister shall come to skole
 To syng the fourth parte y his purs shall swet
 For I so craftely the song can set
 Though thy maister be hors his purs shall syng clepe
 And taught to solf that womans flesh is dere
 How seyest to this thou praty parmeneo
 Thou knowyst not the world nor no delytis therin
 Dost vnderstand me inseyth I tro no
 Thou art yong inough the game to begyn 500
 Thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
 And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old pore
P Thou shuldest sey it lyeth not in me old pore
Ce A foreson a shame take such a knawe

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
Be cause such knolege of the I haue
why who art / p / pmeno son to albert the old
I dwelt w the by the ryue where wyne was sold
And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
That a wyld fyre bren the celestena 510
But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
Come hyder thou lypyl sole let me see the
A it is euen he by our blyssyd lady
what lypyl breghen hast forgotyn me
why thou layst at my bedde fete how meny weye we
A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded
How woldest thou pluk me by to thy bedde bed
And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely
And for thou smellydyt oldly I ran from the
A shamefull hore son fy vpon the fy fy 520
Come hyther aud now shortly I charge the
That all this folyth spekyng thou let be
True wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
Folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
To who thy parēt on whos soulis god haue they
In payn of curlyng bad the be obedyent
In payn wherof I command the straitly
To much i maister ship put not thyne intent
No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent
Maysters now adays coberyt to byng about 530
All for theym self & let theyre seruantes go without
Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce
Faire wordē shall not lak but smal rewardē trust me
Make sempronio thy frynd in any wyle
for he can handle hym in the best gyle
Kepe thys & for thy profet tell it to none
But loke that sempronio and thou be one
Modere celestyne I wot not what ye meane
Calisto is my mayster and so I wyl take hym 540
And as for ryches I desye it clene
for who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym
Soner than he gat it / it wyl forlake hym
I loue to lye in payfull pouerte
And to serue my mayster w trewth and honette
Crowth and honette be ryches of the name
But surete of welth is to haue ryches
And after that for to get hym good fame
Bi.

By report of frynde thys is truth doubtles
Than no such maner frynd can I expelle 550
As sempronyo for both your pfectt to speke
whych lyeth in my hande now yf ye be agreyd
¶ O pmeno what a lyfe may we endure
Sempronyo lough the doughter of elyso

P And who arula / Ce. lykyst her / p / peraduenture
P I shall get her to the that shall I do
¶ A moder celestyne I purpose not so
A man shuld be couerlant I here tell
wyth them that be yl & thynk to do well
¶ Sempronyo hys ensample shall not make me 560
Better nor woors nor hys fault wyll I hyde
But moder celestyne a questyon to the
Is not syn a non in one espyed
That is drownyd in delyte / how shuld he proude

Ce Agayns better to saue hys honeste
Lyke a chylde w out wyldome thou answeryst me
¶ Without copany mirth can haue non estate
ble no slowth nature abhorryth idelnes
whych lesyth delyte to nature appropriate
In sentnall causys delyght is chefe maistres 570
Specially recountyng louys bylynes

To say thus doth she the tyme thus they pas
And loch maner they ble and thus they lys & halle
¶ And thus they mete & enbrale to gyther
what spech what grale what pleys is betwene theim
where is she there she goth let vs se whyther
Now pleasyd now froward now mume now hem
Stryke bp mynstrel w lawe of loue the old proble
Syng swete longe now Juste & torney
¶ Of new inuencyons what conseyt fynd they 580
¶ Now she goth to mas to morow she comyth owt

Behold her better ponder goth a cokold
I left her alone / she comyth / turn abowt
Lo thus pzymeno thou mayst behold
frynde wyll talk to geder as I haue told
wher fore persepue thou that I sey truly
Neuer can be delyte w out copany

Hic iterum intrat calisto

Ca Moder as I promysed to alloyle thy dowt
Here I gyfte the an. C. pells of gold 590
Ce Syr I promyse you I shall byyng it about
All thyng to purpose eyn as ye wold

for your reward I wyll do as I shuld
 Be mery lere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
 Then moder sate well be dyligent I pray the
C **How** sayst sempronio haue I done well
S ye say in my mynd & most accordyng
Ca Then wylt thou do after my counsell
 After this old woman wylt thou be hyeng
 To remember & haue her in euery thyng
S Syr I am content as ye comaund me
Ca Then go & byd pmeno come I pray the
How god be theyre gyddys the possē of my lyfe
 My relese fro deth the Imballade of my welth
 My hope my hap my quyetnes my styfe
 My Joy my sorow my lekenes my helth
 The hope of thys old woman my hart telth
 That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
 Or els come deth & make of me an end
P **In** sayth it makyth no foyle nor matter mych
Ca what seyst pmeno what sayst to me
P Mary I say playnly that ponder old wych
Ca And sempronio to gedet wyll vndo the
 A yll tongyd wretch wyll ye not see
 Thyngyst thou lordeyn thou habelyst me sayre
 why knaue woldest thou put me now in dyspayre
 Et exeat calisto
P **Lo** syrs my master ye se is angry
 But thys .it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
 Or warn theym for theyre welth it is but folys
 For styk theym on the hele and as moch wyt
 Shall co forth as at theyr forehede to pleyue it
 Go thy way calesso for on my charge
 Thy thyft is sealyd by though thou be at large
How unhappy I am to be trewe
 For other men wyn by fallehed & flattery
 I lese for my troth the world doth so enlewe
 Troth is put bak & takyn for folys
 Therefore now I wyll chaunge my cōpy
 If I had done as celystyne had me
 Calysto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
Thys gyuyth me warnyng from hens forward
 How to bele to hym for all thyng as he wyll
 I will the same forward or bakward
 I will go streyght to hym and solow hym still
 Say as he sayth be it good or yll

600

610

620

630

Bii

And syth these batwyl get good prouokynge lecherie
I trust flattery shall speke as well as batwyl

Hic exeat parmeno et intret melebea

¶ I pray you came this woman here neuer syn 640
In sayth to entze here I am half adrad
And yet why so / I may boldly com in
I am sure from you all I shall not be had
But ielus ielus be these men so mad
On women as they sey / how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

Intret Celestina

¶ God be here i ¶. who is the? C. wyl ye bye any thye
ye mary good moder I pray you come in
Crist saue you saye methes & godd be your speke 650
And helth be to you & all your kyn
And mary godde mother that blessyd byrgyn
Preserue & prosper your womanly personage
And well to inioy your yough & pulcell age
¶ For that tyme pleasurys are most eschpyd
And age is the hospytall of all maner sphenes
The resting place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spoite of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Peybour to deth a dyt stok wythout swetnes
Discomforte diseale all age alowith 660

¶ A tye without sap that small charge boweth
¶ I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
¶ Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
¶ They desyre hurt for them selfas all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come therby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly
He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be sorper
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder
¶ Saye damelcell who can thew all the hurte of age
His weynes feblenes his discontentynge 670
His chylidhnes howardnes of his rage
Wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and herynge
Holownes of mouth fall of reth saynt of goynge
And worst of all posselld with pouerte
And the lymmys arestyd with debylite
¶ Moder ye haue takyn giete payn for age
wold ye not ietorn to the begynnynge
¶ folys are they that are past theyre passage
To begyn agayn which be at the endynge
For better is possession than the desyrng 680

Q I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no
C That ye desyre well I thynk not so
C For as lone goth to market the lambys sell
 As the thyppe / none so old but may lyff a yere
 And the is none so yong but ye wot well
 May dye in a day then no aduauntage is here
 Between youth & age & matter is clere
Q wyth thy sablyng & thy resonyng I wys
 I am begyled but I haue knowen the or thys
C Art not celystyne & dwellyd by the ryuer syde
 ye for loth / **Q** in dede age hath aray the
C That thou art the now can skant be espyed
 We thynketh by thy sauour thou shuldest be the
 Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
 Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
 But betwte shall passe at y last thys is truth
C yet I am not so old as ye iuge me
 Good moder I soy much of thyne accoyntaunce
 And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
 And now I thank the here for thy passaunce
 Fare well tyll a nother tyme & hap may chaunce
 Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr
Q May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
C O angelyk ymage o ple to pcyous
 O how thou spekest it reioysyth me to here
 Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracypous
 That agaynst the infernall teend luryse re
 we shuld not only lyf by bred here
 But by our good workys wher in I take some payn
 yf ye know not my mynd now all is in heyn
Q Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite
C And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy
Q My necessite nay god wot it is not for me
 As for myne I last it at home surely
 To ete when I wyl & drynk when I am dry
 And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
 To by bred when I lyt & to haue .iiii. for wyne
C Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
 For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
 And w a tolt in wyne by the fyre I coud syt
 w .ii. dosen soppe the collyk to quell
 But now w me it is not so well
 For I haue nothyng but that is brought me
 In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

690

700

710

720

¶ Thus I pray god help them that be nedý
 For I speke not for my self alone
 But as well for other how euer spede I
 The inscrynpte is not myne though that I grone
 It is for a nother y I make mone
 And not for my self it is a nother way
 But what I must mone where I dare not say 730
¶ Say what thou wylt & for whom thou lest
 now gracyous damsell I thank you than
 That to gýf audyens ye be so prest
 w lyberall redynes to me old woman
 whych gýfyrh me boldnes to shew what I can
 Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekenes
 Remyttng hys langour to your gýtillnes
¶ What meanyt thou I pray the good modeý 740
 Go forth w thy demaund as thou hast done
 On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
 And on the other syde to compassyon
 I know not how thy answere to fastyon
 The wordes whych thou spekyt in my presence
 Be so mytý / I pleyue not thy sentence
¶ I sayd I last one in daunger of sekenes
 Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se
 Now chole you or no to be murderes
 O reuyue hym w a word to come from the
 I am happy yf my word be of such necessity 750
 To help any crystyn man or ells godde forþod
 To do a good dede is lykng to god
¶ For good dede to good men be a lowable
 And specyally to nedý aboue all other
 And euer to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable
 Trustyng ye wyl exhoit me to non other
¶ Therfor fere not spek your petició good mother
 For they that may hele sekefolk & do refuse theym
 Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym
¶ Full well & gracyously the case ye consyder 760
 For I neuer beleuyd that god in hayn
 wold gýf you such countenaunce & betwte to gedý
 But chaýte therwíth to releue folke in payn
 And as god hath gýfyn you so gýf hym agayn
 For solke be not made for them self onely
 For then they shuld lyf lyke best all rudely
¶ Among whych best yet some be pýcelnt
 The vnicoýne humblyth hym self to a mayd

And a dog in all his power presull
 Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd 770
 Thus by nature pyte is conueyd
 The kok when he lkrapith & happith mete to synd
 Callith for his hennē lo se the gentyll kynde
 Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
 Shuld not they to theyre neybourys shew charyte
 And specpally to them wrappyd in sekeneſs
 Than they that may hele theyn cause y infirmyte
 Nothor without delay for godde sake shew me
 I pray the hartly wythout more prayeng 780
 where is the pacient that so is paynyng
 C Fayre dāsell thou maist well haue knowlege herto
 That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
 And of clere lynage callyd Calisto
 whose lyfe & body is all in the I plyght
 The pellycan to shew naturys ryght
 Fedyth his byrds me thynkith I shuld not sch the
 Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the
 C A ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
 Tell me no more of this matter I charge the
 Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō 790
 Art thou come hyther thus to desseyue me
 Thou herdyd dame shameles thou semest to be
 Is this he that hath the passō of solistnes
 Thikyst thou rybaud I am such one of lewdnes
 C It is not sayd I se well in bayn
 The tong of man & woman worst members be
 Thou brut haud thou gret enemy to honeste certayn
 Cause of secret errours Ihu Ihu bnedicite
 So good bodi take this old thete fro me
 That thus wold me disseyue me w her fals sleight 800
 Go owt of my syght now / get the hens sleight
 C In an pupill howre cam I hyther I may say
 I wold I had brokyn my legge twayn
 Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dyuyll way
 Bydyſt thou yet to increale my payn
 wylt thou make me of thys sole to be sayn
 To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
 And to my self deth to make me sory
 C wilt thou here away profet for my perdition
 And make me lese the house of my father 810
 To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
 As thou art shamfullst of all other

Thinkst thou that I understan not thou fals mother
 Thy hurtfull message thy fals subtil ways
 Make a mende to god thou lyest to long days
 Ce Andwere thou traytres how darst be so bold
 The leze of the makyth me so dysmayd
 That the blod of my body is almost cold
 A las fayre maydyn what hast thou sayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denayd
 820 Here my cōclusion which ys of honette
 wout cause ye blame thys gentylman & me
 Q I sey I wyll here no more of that sole
 was he not here with me eyn now
 How old which thou bryngyst me in grette dole
 Ask him what answere he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayst thou
 More shewing is but lost where no mercy can be
 Thus I answerd hym & thus I answer the
 Ce The more straunge the makyth the gladder am I 830
 Ther is no tempast that euer both endure
 Q what seyst thou what seyst thou shameful enemy
 Speke out. Ce. so ferd I am of your dyspleasur
 your anger is so grette I pleyue it sure
 And your pacyens is in so gret an hete
 That for wo & leze I both wepe & swete
 Q Lyttell is the hete in coparison to say
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng
 Ce Fayre mayden yet one word now I you pray
 Appeale w pacyens & here my sayeng
 840 It is for a prayer mestres my demaundyng
 That is sayd ye haue of seynt appolyne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne
 And the gyrdle there thou weryst about the
 So many holy relyke it hath towechyd
 That thys knyght thynkyst his bote thou maist be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a vouchid
 For my hart for fere / lyke adog is couchyd
 The delyght of bengennis who so doth ble
 Pyte at theyre nede shall theym refuse
 850 Of this be tiew that thou seyst to me now
 Myn hart is lyghtnyd persepuyng thecase
 I wold be content well of I wyll how
 To bryng this seke knyght vnto some colas
 Ce Fayre damsell to the be helth & grace
 For of this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
 ¶ By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
 with grace indewd in fredome as alexandre
 In strenght as hectour in countenaunce mery 860
 Gracious / enuy in him reynyd neuer
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer
 Sawe him armyd he semeth a seynt george
 Rather than to be made in nature forge
 ¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make awote
 The gentyll narcissus was neuer so fayre
 That was inamoryd on his own shadowe
 wherfore sayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
 Let mery be thy mother & thou her heyre
 This knyght whom I come for neuer leaslyth 870
 But cryeth out of payn that thyll encreslyth
 ¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
 I thynk he be .xxiii. yeres of age
 I saw hym born & holpe for to sold hym
 I demaund the not therof thyne answer aswage
 I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
 He hath leyn / Ce. of trewth sayr maydyn as he says
 He hath be in this agony this .viii. days
 ¶ But he semyth he had leyn this .vii. yere
 ¶ How it greuyth me the il of my pacient 880
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here
 Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
 Haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly
 ¶ And moder of these wordes passyd betwene vs
 Shew nothyng therof vnto this knyght
 Lest he wold repoyt me cruell & furpous
 I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght
 ¶ I meruell gretly thou dost me so arwyght 890
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
 ¶ And to calisto in this gyrdle celestina
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
 For gabriell to our lady in aue maria
 Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
 Calisto how wylt thou now syt by ryght
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon
 Comfort thy self the felde is half won
 ¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the 900
 ¶ Ci.

Ce Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This knyght & I both thy bedfokkis shall be
Woder yf nede be I wyll do more than thus
Ce It shalbe nedefull to do so / & ryghteous
For this thus begon must nedis haue an ende
which neuer can be wout ye condescend
We well mother to morow is a new day
I shall perforce that I haue you promest
shew to this leke knyght in all that I may
Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest
And though he to me as yet be but a gest
If my word or dede his helth may support
I shall not fayle and thus byd him take comfort
Et exeat melehea.
Ce Now cryst comfort þ & kepe the in thy nede
How say you now is not this matter carped clene
Can not old celestina her matter speke
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
Now know ye by þ half tale what þ hole doth meane
These women at the first be angry & furpous 910
Fayre wether comyth after stormys tempestuous
And now to calisto I wyll me dres
which lyeth now languyschyng in grete payn
And shew hym that he is not remedyles
And here hym this to make hym glad and sayn
And handyll hym so that ye shall seyn playn
That I am well worthy to beze the name
For to be callyd a noble arche dame
Danio pater meleber.
C O meruelous god what a dreame had I to nyght 930
Most terryble bylpon to report and here
I had neuer none such nor none perthely wyght
Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
It was of melehea my doughter deze
God send me good tythyng of her so rtyl
For tyll I here from her I can not be mery
We O deze father nothyng may me more displease
Nothyng may do me more anoyans
Nothyng may do me gretter disease
Than to se you father in any perturbans
For me chedly or for any other chauns
But for me I pray you not to be sad
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad
Da O swete melehea my doughter deze
I am replete with Joy and selcypte

910

920

930

940

99
D

For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From deth to lyfe me thynketh it reueryth me
 For the ferefull dreame þat I had lately
 What dreame syr was that I pray you hertely
 Doubtles me though þat I was walkyng
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two
 The one was a hote bath holsome & pleasynge
 To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To wasch them & clens them from sekeneſſe also
 The other a pyt of foule ſynkyng water
 Whortely they dyed all that ther in dyd enter
 And vnto this holsome bath me thought þat ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apale
 But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych aprikerd cur it was
 Whych strakyng her body along on the gras
 And to her tayle lykkyd her so that she
 Made her ſelfe a fayre ſpaniell to be
 Thys bych then me thought met you in the way
 Leppynge & ſawnyng vppon you a pale
 And rownd a howt you dyd renne & play
 Whych made you then dysport & ſolas
 Whych lykkyd you so well þat in ſhort ſpace
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it
 And toke the ſtrepyght way to the foule pyt
 And euer ye lokyd continually
 Vppon that ſame bych & ſomoch her eyed
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynke ſodeynly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dyschoyced
 Whych when I ſaw anon than I cryed
 Stertyng in my ſlepe & therw dyd awake
 That yet for ſere me thynk my body doth quake
 Was not this a ferefull dreame & mezelous
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
 Sic melibea certo tempore nō loquit ſed uultu lamentabili respicit
 Why ſpeke ye not why be ye now ſo ſtudious
 Is there any thyng þat hath chauncyd you amys
 I am your father tell me what it is
 A las now your dreame whych ye haue expreſſyd
 Hath made me all penſyfe & loze abaſhpyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
 Sir I know the cauſe of your viſion
 And what your dredefull dreame doth ſignifye
 Ther of wold I ſayn now haue notiſion

950

960

970

980

990

Ell.

Q Alas here fader alas what haue I done
Offendyd god as a wretch vnworthy
D wherein / dyspayre not god is full of mercy
Et genuflectat

C Than on my knees now I fall downe
And of god chesely askyng forgyfnes
And next of you for in to oblyuon
I haue put your doctryne & lessons dowles
D Feze not doughter I am not mercesles
I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
But that ryght well it may be amendyd

1000

Q Ye haue tollerid me by full lounyngly
In vertuous discyplyne whych is the ryght path
To all grace & betteu whych doth sygnifye
By your dreame & sayre plesaunt holesome bath
The soule yett wherof ye dremyd whych hath
Destroyd so many betokeneth byle & syn
In whych alas I had almost fallyn In
C The priskeryd curr & the soule bych
whych made her self so smoth & sayre to see
Betokenyth an old quene a haudy wyche
Calld celystyne that wo myght she be
whych in her sayre wordes ay so pswadyd me
That she had almost brought me here vnto
To fulfyll the soule lust of calisto

1010

D Alas here doughter I taught you a lesson
whych way ye shuld attayn vnto betteu
That was euery mornynge to say an orason
Prayeng god for grace all byce to eschew
Q O dere fader that lesson I haue kept treu
whych preseruyd me / for though I dyd coset
In mynd / yet had he neuer hys intent

1020

D The betteu of that praye I le well on thing
Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that sin
But because ye were somewhat cosentyng
ye haue offendid god gretly therin
wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
Humbly to besech god of hys mercy
For to forgyue you your syn & mylery

Q O blyssid lord & fader celestiall
whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
Though I be a sinner wretch of wretchis all
yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes
Full sore I repent my syn I cosese

1030

D

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
Now humbly I besech thy mercy therfore
¶ Now þ is well sayd myne one sayre doughter
Stand þ therfore for I know verely
That god is good & mercyfull euer
To all synners whych wyl ask mercy
And be repentaunt & in wyl clerely
To syn no more / he of hys grete goodnes
wyl graunt them therfore his grace & forgifnes
¶ Lo here ye may see what a thyng it is
To bryng þp yong people vertuously
In good custome / for grace doth neuer mys
To them that hle good prayers dayly
whych hath preseruyd thys mayde vnboutydly
And kept her fzo actuall dede of shame
Brought her to grace preseruyd her good name
¶ wherfore ye byrgens & sayre maydens all
Unto this example now take good hede
Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
To honeste & goodnes no dout procede
And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
To withstand all euill temptacions
That shall come to you by any occasions
¶ And ye fathers moberz & other whych be
Rulers of yong folke your charge is dowtles
To bryng them þp vertuously & to see
Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
Not in idell pastyme or vnthriftynes
But to teche them some art craft or lernynge
whereby to be able to get theyr lyfynge
¶ The bryngers þp of youth in this region
Haue done gret harme because of theyr neglyges
Not puttyng them to lernynge nor occupacions
So when they haue no craft nor sciens
And com to mans state ye see theyr pience
That many of them compellyd be
To beg or stele by very necessity
¶ But yf there be therfore any remedy
The helys & rulers must first be dyligent
To make good lawes & execute them straitely
Uppon such maystres that be neglygent
Alas we make no lawes but ponyshment
when men haue offendyd / but lawes enermore
wold be made to preuent the cause before

1040

1050

1060

1070

¶ If the cause of the myscheffe were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good lawes & ordynauncys made therfore
 to put a way the cause / y were best remedē
 What is the cause that ther be so many
 Theft & robberies / it is be cause mē be
 Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
 ¶ And what is the verey cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
 And trewth is they can not well labour in nede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll hpbrynging
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
 But the world cotynually wathe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell hpbrought
 ¶ wherfore the eternall god that raynyth on hys
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to bettew & dew obedyens
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be pteners of hys blessyd glozy.

1080

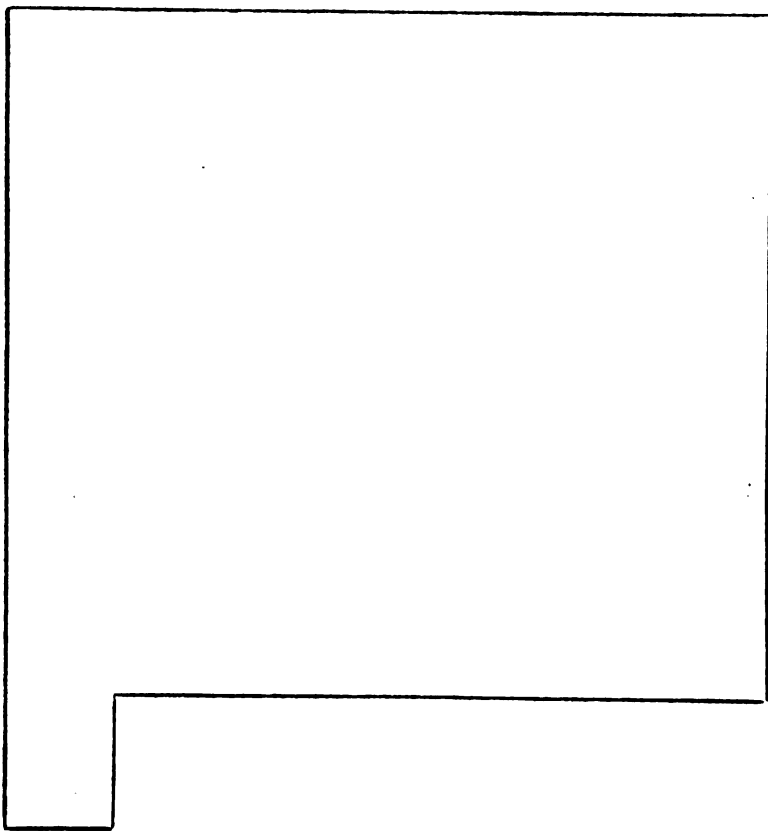
1090

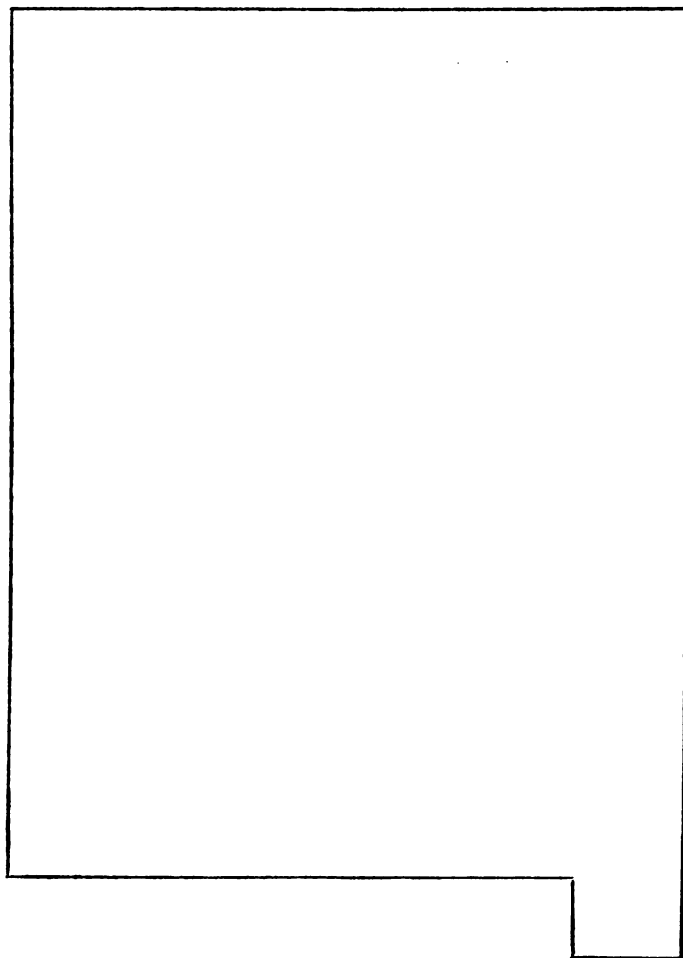
Amen.

Johēs raskell me imprimi fecit

Cum priuilegio regali







RETI
TO-
LOAI

HC

4

ALI
1-n
b n
Ren

REC. CIR.

SEP

REC. CIR.

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library

or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510)642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing
books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made
4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

FEB 19 2005

FORM NC DD20 15M 4-02

LD 21-100m, 00

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C055197721

